

Good Morning

S2

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

GEORGE Morrison Greenwell took this Sunday picture. He also titled it. The scene did something to him—as it did to us, and maybe you will agree. Here are his lines:

*"The Storm has spent its fury on land and ocean wide
While slender, silver ladies stood, around the countryside
With sturdy oaks, strained but unbent, while town and hamlet rocked,
Proclaiming God's Serenity—when all mankind was shocked."*

You have silver ladies at home, and sturdy oaks too, who have withstood the storm. They can see in mind what this picture has to show—the promise of calm to follow the storm—the promise of the Spring of Peace to follow the Winter of War. May it be that the sign of this English sky is the portend of fairer weather—but rest assured that whatever it be—those silver ladies will always stand, waiting, watching—firm-rooted in their purpose and their pride.

Slender, Silver Ladies



HE MADE THE GRADE

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Jack Hylton presents "The Merry Widow." And some people raise their eyebrows and say, "Of course . . . wasn't Hylton a band-leader or something? Strange . . . but . . . well, you can expect all kinds of funny things during a war, can't you?"

And that remark would be the funniest . . . if it wasn't made by people who are absolutely ignorant of the real Jack Hylton. When Jack Hylton played the piano in his father's pub in Bolton, Lancs, at the age of ten, it wasn't because he was

starving, or that a hard-headed Lancashire parent turned him out into the world to make good for himself. . . . It was simply that young Hylton with ten piano lessons plus young Hylton, COULD play . . . in fact, just couldn't help playing.

Nor was it the least bit surprising that almost immediately after this "crash-in" he joined a nearby band as cornet player, that in 1905 he obtained a professional engagement at Rhyl as assistant pianist and boy vocalist with a pierrot troupe, followed by appointments as conductor for touring revues and musical comedies, pantomimes and ballet with Phyllis Bedells and Novikoff.

Cinema Organist

In 1913 he was engaged as a cinema organist and pianist at the Alexandra Cinema, Stoke Newington. In 1920 at Bognor, as pianist with MacDonald and Young's concert party . . . appeared at Bedford music-hall in a double turn with Tommy Handley. Then found himself "top of the world" in 1922 as assistant pianist at the Queen's Hall roof cabaret.

Became leader of same, and moved on to the Piccadilly Hotel and Kit Kat Club.

At one time Hylton had been arranging band numbers for a scratch band, at £4 a week . . . one of those pianists who while away the interval between numbers by playing delightful piano solos . . . when he had the idea of band-recording. The idea was excellent . . . the fee . . . not so hot . . . not so hot as the music, as a matter of fact.

The "share-out" of the fee was not over-successful, either . . . but what Jack Hylton wanted, and got, was his name on the records . . . alas! his name went off the band payroll.

Anyway . . . one's name on a record sounds good . . . or would do if the needle over-ran itself and played the title (which, alas! or thank goodness . . . just how you happen to feel . . . it doesn't) . . . and Jack hoped that at any rate people read what they are buying, and took

himself off to Paris . . . where he heard Paul Whiteman . . . and had another brain-wave.

First Dance-Band on Tour

Returned to become the first Englishman to arrange jazz numbers, and in 1924 organised the famous Jack Hylton Dance Band . . . first of its kind to go on tour.

Organised a second band, "The Metro-Gnomes," in 1925, played thirty-five weeks at the Alhambra, appeared at the London Hippodrome in July 1927 in "Shake Your Feet," Palladium, March 1935, principal feature in "Life Begins at Oxford Circus," April 1937, "Swing is in the Air," Princes Theatre, December 1938 in "Band Waggon," etc., etc., etc. (until those three letters are worn out).

In between times, what?

Europe—U.S.

Touring all over Europe and the United States, composing music for revues, including "Frolics," "Eyes Front," "Fall In," "Why Worry," etc., etc., with innumerable songs thrown in.

How does he do it all? From where does he get his untiring energy? Just happens that he is a "cat-sleeper" . . . that doesn't mean that he stays out all night . . . simply implies that whenever he has a few moments to spare, he sleeps soundly, and wakes up completely refreshed . . . an accomplishment to be envied.

His popularity on the Continent must have created a "new high," culminating in his receiving the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur and Officier l'Instruction Republique from the French Government.

His band was the first band to play in the Paris Opera House, and that great Russian composer, Igor Stravinsky, wrote "Marva" specially for the occasion.

Four "Commands"

Four Command Variety Performances are to Jack's credit, and on four occasions the late King Albert of the Belgians honoured his performance with

AL MALE

presents the interesting history of a lad who became Britain's No. 1 band leader and is now in the first rank of show producers for stage and screen.

his presence, regarding Hylton's show as a wonderful evening antidote to "the cares and troubles of a disturbed Europe" which greeted him each morning at breakfast.

And do you remember when the fate of the London Philharmonic Orchestra hung in the balance? Seventy-odd musicians fighting a losing battle against outbreak-of-war conditions . . . fighting to arrange concerts . . . not only for their livelihood, but for something very dear to their hearts . . . music . . . good music . . . the name of a great orchestra.

As Benefactor

Jack Hylton, Britain's ace dance band leader, rather modestly made this suggestion: "If the Musicians' Union agrees, I will back the orchestra for a ten weeks' tour in variety theatres . . . the orchestra to receive their full Union rate of pay, augmented by bonuses received from all profits after deduction of running expenses." With the enthusiastic co-operation of the eminent conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the Musicians' Union and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, theatrical history was again made by Jack Hylton . . . a Symphony Orchestra touring the homes of Variety, twice nightly . . . the best music for music-lovers all over the country.

Not so very surprising, after all, is it, then . . . that at His Majesty's Theatre, London, Jack Hylton is presenting "The Merry Widow," by Franz Lehar. He has always been an admirer of Lehar, and has visited him many times at his Austrian home.

The composer of "The Count of Luxemburg," "Gipsy Love," "Land of Smiles," "The Merry Widow," and over a dozen others, can surely be expected to have very discerning taste for things and people musical.

On the grand piano in the music-room of his home are two photographs.

One of them is of Puccini. The other . . . JACK HYLTON.

THEY SAY—

Do you agree?

"Writers are always wondering how to approach 'the people.' But is it wise to think of one's fellow-humans as a mass? Why not leave this to power-seeking orators?"

Mr. Reginald Moore.

"The United States, unlike any other state in the world, are a society founded upon ideal. . . . The British Empire was not founded on an ideology; on the contrary, it is the classical example of a political development which has grown out of historical circumstances and has not been planned or designed."

Mr. Christopher Dawson.

"Modern society suffers in all countries from an emphasis on the particular at the expense of the general and universal. The newspaper, the radio, the motion picture and the popular magazine bombard a man's senses with particular events and scenes, real or imaginary, which send his mind dancing off in idle dreams and nightmares, almost invariably irrelevant to the tasks he has to perform."

Professor John U. Nef.

"I suggest that the first call upon the nation's purse and practical sympathy be the provision of something very much better than the present unsightly and depressing buildings and surroundings in which the last years or months of so many old people's lives are spent. I should place before any other improvement in the amenities of our people (even above that of children) the provision of something for these old and helpless people more in the nature of a home, with all the comforts, privacy and attention possible."

Rev. S. N. Veitch.



Jack Hylton as he is to-day—bringing the wealth of hard-won experience, plus a natural genius for showmanship, to the production of musical entertainment. Experienced opinion in the stage world predicts a long run for his presentation of "The Merry Widow" at His Majesty's. Submariners on leave may have a chance to see this version of an old favourite.

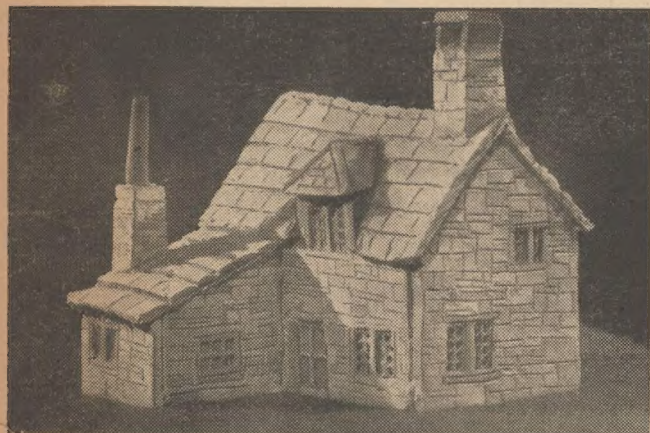
“ . . . Our Caricaturist went Forth ”

By Edward G. Smetten

The author's model of the Dorsetshire Cottage, illustrated below, and made in baked sections of household fire cement (as used for mending firebacks), was first tried out in plasticine.



By John P. Monk, who also gives you "Buck Ryan" each week



Model Dorset Cottage, made in fire cement.

When the sections are completed they are then joined on

Solution to Pig Puzzle in S 1

**ANSWER TO ARITHMETIC
PUZZLE.**

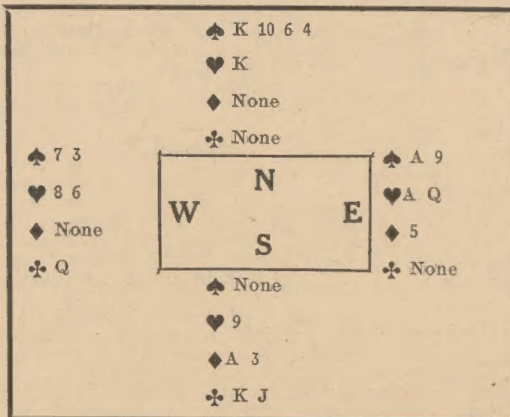
Doubling the Income Tax.—He should have paid £6 13s. But he made the cheque out for £13 6s.

Take a Tip on Cards—No. 2

NAP

Take a tip from B. C. Westall, the famous expert on card games. He will answer any problems presented by submariners.

IT isn't only the high cards that matter in Nap. The man who plays his little cards best is the man who will win in the long run. Anybody can take a trick with the Ace of Trumps. Here is a hand which shows what can be done with an apparently insignificant card.



North called "three," and East could do nothing better, and North led the S. K. East took the trick with the Ace, and quite properly led the D. 5; South played the Ace, but West did a bit of quick thinking and trumped the Ace with his S. 7. "If," he argued, East has another trump, I may force North to part with a high trump, and if North has a diamond, then I shan't lose anything, anyhow." North had to over-trump with the S. 10 and had to lose two more tricks to East. Had West failed to play his S. 7, then North would have made three trump tricks.

Take a tip and make the most of your little cards.

Answers to Quiz—S 1

1, Duns. 2, Rothesay. 3, Chelmsford. 15, Winchester.
Cupar. 4, Kirkwall. 5, Paisley. 16, Oakham. 17, Taunton. 18,
6, Lintlithgow. 7, Dumfries. 8, Ipswich. 19, Guildford. 20,
Lanark. 9, Wigtown. 10, Car- Lewes. 21, Appleby. 22, Beau-
marthen. 11, Lincoln. 12, maris. 23, Mold. 24, Cardiff.
Reading. 13, Bodmin. 14, 25, Dolgellev.



What is it?

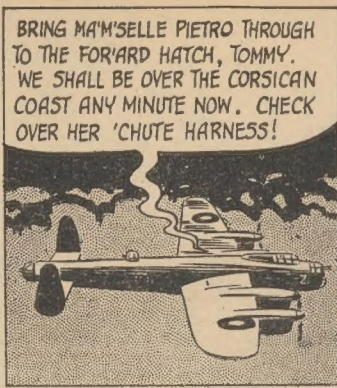
Here's a weekly picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer will be given in the next Sunday issue—S. 3. Meanwhile, can you solve it?

Answer to last week's picture is—the top of a thimble highly magnified.

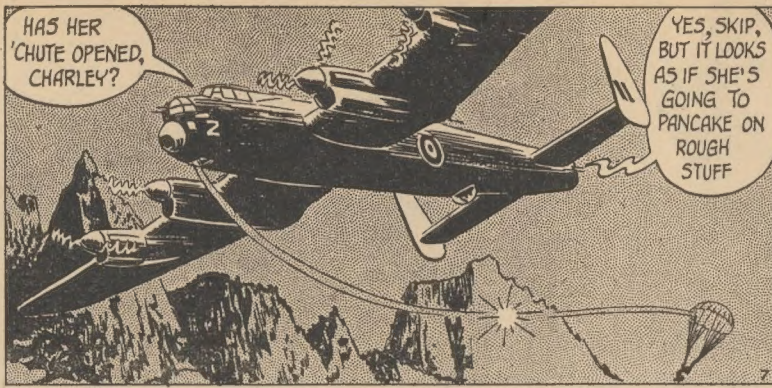
BUCK RYAN



The Lancaster drops her bombs on the shipyards of Leghorn. Then, turning West, she speeds towards Corsica.



BRING MA' MELLE PIETRO THROUGH TO THE FORWARD HATCH, TOMMY. WE SHALL BE OVER THE CORSICAN COAST ANY MINUTE NOW. CHECK OVER HER 'CHUTE HARNESS!



HAS HER 'CHUTE OPENED, CHARLEY?

YES, SKIP, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF SHE'S GOING TO PANCAKE ON ROUGH STUFF

The scene shifts back to Free French Headquarters in London. Three weeks have elapsed since Roxane Pietro made that descent.



THREE WEEKS—AND STILL NO WORD, RYAN!

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD WITHIN A WEEK?

YES, POOR KID! I WAS AFRAID THAT IT WAS TOO HAZARDOUS AN UNDERTAKING FOR A GIRL.



AND YET I FEEL THAT HER COURAGE WILL CARRY HER THROUGH, CAPTAIN!

YOU ARE OPTIMISTIC—BUT MON GÉNÉRAL IS WORRIED. NOT ONLY ABOUT THE GIRL—BUT FOR THE WELL-BEING OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT AGENT IN CORSICA! YOU SEE—MILLE PIETRO CARRIED WITH HER A SIGNED, PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM MON GÉNÉRAL TO THE PEOPLE OF CORSICA—ALSO—



THE ADDRESS OF OUR LOYAL AND TRUSTED AGENT WHICH MEANS DEATH TO HIM IF THE NAZI BLOODHOUNDS FIND IT ON ROXANE PIETRO!

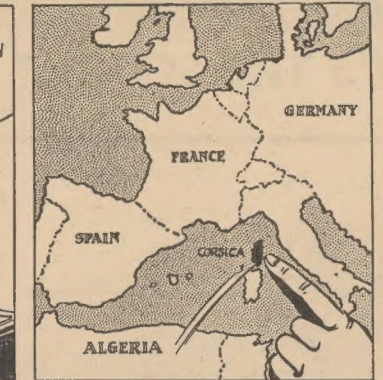


EXACTLY!

FURTHERMORE—IF THE NAZIS DO FIND OUR AGENT'S ADDRESS ON MLE. PIETRO'S PERSON THEN ALL OUR AGENT'S FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES ARE IN JEOPARDY TOO! OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHY MON GÉNÉRAL ATTACHES SO MUCH IMPORTANCE TO MLE PIETRO'S MISSION, RYAN?



AJACCIO IS A USEFUL HARBOUR. WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FORCES TO STRIKE AT THE UNDER-BELLY OF THE AXIS, CORSICA WILL BE A VITAL STEPPING STONE.



BUT WE MUST GET THE CORSICAN'S IN SYMPATHY WITH THE FREE FRENCH MOVEMENT FIRST.



YES, THAT IS MOST IMPORTANT, CAPTAIN! AND SO I THINK THAT I SHOULD GO AND FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MLE PIETRO.

HERE YOU ARE, RYAN. THESE ARE CLOTHES OF FRENCH MANUFACTURE WHICH I BROUGHT TO ENGLAND WHEN I ESCAPED FROM FRANCE!



GOOD! I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ENGLISH LAUNDRY MARKS.

YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOME SUN-RAY TREATMENT. ALTHOUGH CORSICANS ARE BUCOLIC AND EASY-GOING, THEY ARE SWARTHY AND TOUGH.



LANGUAGE IS MY CHIEF WORRY, CAPTAIN!

THAT'LL BE YOUR BIGGEST HANDICAP, BUT YOU CAN ACT DUMB?



OR STUTTER? H'MM—THAT'S AN IDEA!

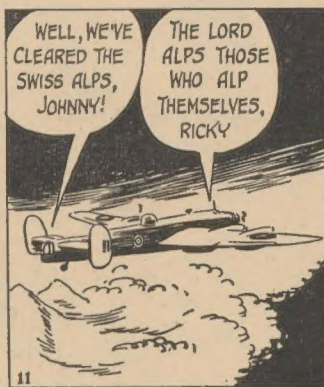
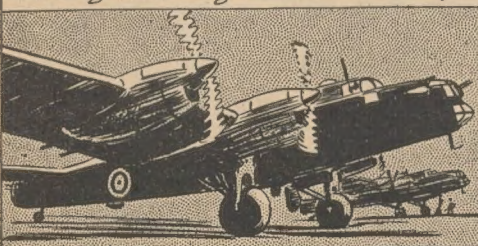
Ryan studies all the details and snags which his daring mission involves. A few days later he arrives at an R.A.F. station.

YOU ARE TO BE MY PASSENGER, MR. RYAN. MEET MY CREW: POP, RICKY, JOCK, TONY, SMITHY AND OLD CROWN-CONSCIOUS—ALL GOOD TYPES... MY NAME'S JOHNNY.



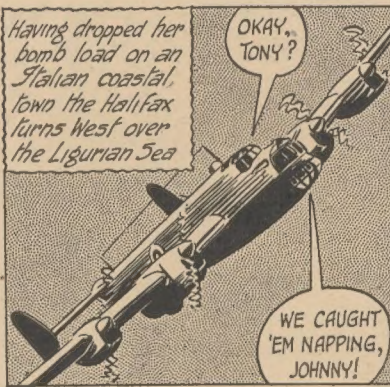
HOWDO, BOYS

The Captain of the Lancaster bomber gave Ryan details of the spot where Mlle Pietro dropped over Corsica. This Ryan gives to the navigator of Johnny's crew—and away they go. Once again the target is North West Italy.



WELL, WE'VE CLEARED THE SWISS ALPS, JOHNNY!

THE LORD ALPS THOSE WHO ALP THEMSELVES, RICKY



Having dropped her bomb load on an Italian coastal town the Halifax turns West over the Ligurian Sea.

OKAY, TONY?

WE CAUGHT 'EM NAPPING, JOHNNY!



YOU QUITE READY, BUCK? WE'RE 40 MILES FROM CORSICA!

ALL SET! THANKS AND GOOD LUCK, JOHNNY!

The Halifax crosses the Corsican Coast and Ryan, with mouth parched, stands by for the jump.



LOOKS LIKE A FLAK SHIP SIGNALLING TO US, JOHNNY!

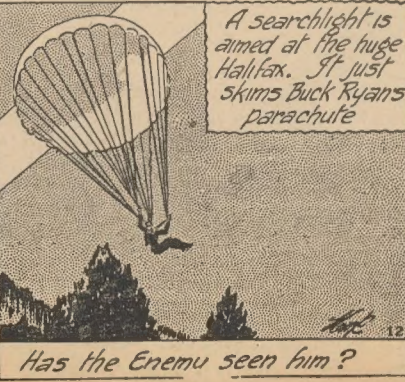
DON'T SHOOT, RICKY! IT'LL GIVE THE GAME AWAY.



GOOD LUCK, BUCK!



I G-GUESS I NEED IT!



A searchlight is aimed at the huge Halifax. It just skims Buck Ryan's parachute.

Has the Enemy seen him?

Heard This One?

The very stout gentleman had made a desperate effort to catch his train, but had failed. As he stood panting and fuming, the kindly porter came up and enquired, "Have you missed your train, sir?" Behind the soft answer lay murderous intent. "Oh dear, no... I didn't like the look of it, so I chased it off the platform."

Jock had just landed ashore and made his way to the barber's shop. "What's the price o' a hair-cut?" he asked. "Shilling," was the reply. "Shilling," said Jock, "That's a lot o' siller. How much for a shave?" "Threepence," said the barber. "Guid," said Jock. "I'll hae ma held shaved."

Tommy had just handed in his homework and the teacher was examining it closely. "Tommy," she said after a while, "this looks very much like your father's writing." "Well, teacher," replied Tommy after a pause, "now I come to think of it, I did use father's fountain pen."

The young officer had crashed his way into the rather snooty naval ball, and was doing his best to dance in the style of his partner—daughter of the Rear-Admiral. In an embarrassing way he apologised with "I'm afraid I'm being awkward—but I'm a little stiff from badminton." "Your place of origin doesn't interest me," coldly announced the young lady, with her nose high in the air.

TAILPIECE FOR HUSBANDS. Teacher was giving the class a lesson in elementary chemistry. "What," she asked, "does it mean when the kettle boils?" "Mother's going to open father's letters," piped a small voice.

Sol was very sick, and he had overheard his father say he might not live. When his father came to his bedside he said, "Fadder, vill I see the Children of Israel if I go to Heaven?" Solomon senior thought for a moment before answering, "Shouldn't bother about them, my son. De business has gone to Hell."

"Last year, when I was out in the jungle, I shot an elephant in my pyjamas," boasted the big-game hunter. "Good heavens," cried the fed-up listener, "how on earth did an elephant get into your pyjamas?"

The smart young man had been out on the spree, and, to finish with, ordered a taxi. Unfortunately, when the taxi came to a stop, the occupant found that he hadn't a cent left, and explained to the driver, "That's the position, old man," he said, "and you can't get blood out of a stone," he added cheerfully. "No," agreed the 6ft. 4in. taxi-driver, rolling up his sleeves ominously. "BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE A STONE?"

Mrs. Jones had grown tired of hubby Joseph returning home in the early hours of every morning. She had pleaded with him, threatened him—all to no purpose. A woman of resource, she decided to play her trump card. Next morning, when she heard Joseph returning at 2 a.m., she went to the door and whispered through the letter-box, "Is that you, Herbert?" Joseph stays at home now—and sleeps with a revolver under his pillow.

"At any rate," said the auctioneer, "mine is a business that a woman can't take up." "Nonsense," put in the strong-minded lady, "a woman would make quite as good an auctioneer as any man." "Would she?" retorted the auctioneer. "Well, you try and imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer.'"

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

LIFE-LINES ?



With a figure like that we can't imagine why Marie Macdonald need worry about her voice.



WHAT'S THE SCORE ?

It may be Arsenal . . . it may be Pompey . . . or . . . shhh . . . it may be the orchard next door. Whatever it is in view, it seems that "Periscope Jim" isn't QUITE satisfied that the coast is clear.

This England



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't care for water myself"



'It's been a hard day in the fields . . . and taking the produce to market wasn't as easy as usual. . . . Dunno . . . somehow, the sun never seemed to give us a break. Gosh! how we've longed for this cool drink. . . . Well, well, it's made all the difference . . . perhaps it wasn't such a bad day, after all.'